H. M. Winfrey

SQUADRON HYMNAL





Fighting Squadron 192

OH COME ON AND JOIN 192

OH COME ON AND JOIN ONE NINETY TWO, WE'RE A HAPPY BAND THEY SAY,
WE NEVER DO A LICK OF WORK, JUST FLY AROUND ALL DAY.
WHILE OTHERS WORK AND STUDY HARD, AND SOON GROW OLD AND BLIND,
WE TAKE TO THE AIR, WITHOUT A CARE, AND YOU WILL NEVER MIND...

CHOROUS: YOU'LL NEVER MIND, YOU'LL NEVER MIND
COME ON AND JOIN ONE NINETY TWO, AND YOU WILL NEVER MIND..

OH, YOU TAKE HER UP AND SPIN HER, AND WITH AN AWFUL TEAR,
THE WINGS FALL OFF, THE PLANE WON'T FLY, BUT YOU WILL NEVER CARE,
FOR IN ABOUT A MINUTE JACK, ANOTHER PAIR YOU'LL FIND
YOU'LL FLY WITH PETE AND THE ANGELS SWEET, AND YOU WILL NEVER MIND.

CHOROUS:

OH, YOU'RE FAR OUT OVER THE OCEAN, YOUR ENGINE STARTS TO SPIT,
YOU WATCH THE PROP COME TO A STOP, THE GOD DAMN ENGINES' QUIT.
THE PLANE WON'T FLOAT, AND YOU CAN'T SWIM THE SHORE'S FAR BEHIND,
OH WHAT A DISH FOR THE CRABS AND FISH, BUT YOU WILL NEVER MIND.

CHOROUS:

OH IF SOME DIRTY RUSSIAN SHOULD SHOOT YOU DOWN IN FLAMES,
WHY DON'T SIT THERE AND BELLY-ACHE, AND CALL THE BASTARD NAMES,
JUST HIT THE SILK, IT'S CREAM AND MILK, AND SHORTLY YOU WILL FIND,
THERE IS NO HELL, AND ALL IS WELL, AND YOU WILL NEVER MIND.

CHOROUS:

OH, COME ON AND GET PROMOTED, AS HIGH AS YOU DESIRE,
YOU'RE REALLY ON THE GRAVY TRAIN, WHEN YOU'RE A NAVY FLIER,
BUT JUST ABOUT THE TIME YOU'RE SET FOR ADMIRAL, YOU WILL FIND,
YOU CAN'T COME THROUGH AT SIXTY TWO, AND YOU WILL NEVER MIND.

CHOROUS:

WE'RE JUST A BUNCH OF "BUZZ BOYS", WHO DO NOT GIVE A RAP,
ABOUT THE BLACKSHOE POINT OF VIEW AND ALL THAT SORT OF CRAP,
WE WANT TEN THOUSAND JET JOBS, THE FASTEST OF THEIR KIND,
WE'LL FLY 'EM FAST AND THEY WON'T LAST, BUT YOU WILL NEVER MIND

CHOROUS:

THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS

TWAS THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS AND ALL THROUGH THE SHIP,
NOT A SNIFTER WAS GUZZLED, NOT EVEN A NIP;
FOR THE CAPTAIN HAD SPOKEN, HIS WORDS DID IMPLY,
ALL DRINK IS VERBOTEN, THIS SHIP WILL BE DRY.

THE CREW WERE ALL TUCKED AWAY IN THEIR BEDS,
AND VISIONS OF EGG NOGS DANCED IN THEIR HEADS;
THEIR STOCKINGS WERE HUNG FOR HOPE STILL RAN HIGH
THAT GOOD OLD ST. NICK WOULD NOT PASS THEM BY.

BUT DURING THE NIGHT, THE JOLLY OLD FELLOW,
WITH SLED PILED HIGH WITH SPIRITS SO MELLOW;
HAD RUN OFF HIS COURSE WHEN A STORM DID ARISE,
AND ALL SIGHT OF THE SHIP WAS LOST TO HIS EYES.

SO WHEN IN THE MORNING AND TO THEIR CHAGRIN,
THE CREW SPIED THEIR STOCKINGS NO BOURBON OR GIN,
THEIR SPIRITS WERE DAMPENED, THE YULE OUTLOOK BLACK,
BY A CRUEL TWIST OF FATE THEY'D BEEN STABBED IN THE BACK.

THEIR FEELINGS WERE BITTER, THEIR HEARTS BITTER TOO,
A PROTEST AROSE FROM THE UNHAPPY CREW.
WHAT KIND OF CHRISTMAS WITHOUT CHRISTMAS CHEER?
NOT EVEN A SHOT OF WINE OR WARM STALE BEER.

AND WHEN IN THE DEPTHS OF THEIR SORROW AND WOO,
A VOICE SUDDENLY SPOKE, "TO G.Q. YOU GO".
THEY KNEW THEY'D BEEN REACHED, NEGLECTED, ACCURSED,
"MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL AND TO ALL A GOOD THIRST".

FIRST ANNIVERSARY

WHEN I WAS YOUNG AND IN MY PRIME
AND USED TO DO IT ALL THE TIME
MY FATHER CAME AND SAID TO ME,
SON, DON'T EVER GO TO SEA.

BUT BEING YOUNG I DIDN'T STOP
AND TRY TO UNDERSTAND MY POP.
INSTEAD OF BEING SAFE AND SANE
I THOUGHT I'D LEARN TO FLY A PLANE.

SO WITH THAT CLAN BOTH YOUNG AND B-O-L-D
I EARNED MY NAVY WINGS OF GOLD.
WHEN I CAME HOME FROM WORLD WAR TWO
I WASN'T SURE JUST WHAT TO DO.

BUT DOWN IN AKRON THEY HAD A PLAN
THAT SOUNDED GOOD TO ANY MAN.
WE'D FLY A LITTLE AND TALK A LOT
AND SIT AROUND THE COFFEE POT.

WE'D SPEAK OF THINGS LIKE PLANES AND DAMES
AND PLAY SOME ACEY DUECY GAMES.
AT HOMES WE'D TELL OF THINGS WE'D LEARNED
AND EXTRA MONEY WE HAD EARNED.

THE PLAN WAS GOOD, TO GOOD TO MATCH
WE SHOULD HAVE KNOWN THERE'D BE A CATCH.
THE TRAP WAS SET, WE TOOK THE BAIT,
WE ALL FOUND OUT, BUT JUST TO LATE.

WE'D SIGNED OUR NAMES, THE NAVY HAD US,
WERE ALL RESERVES ON ACTIVE STATUS.
AND AS IS SIT HERE FAR AT SEA
AND LOOK AT POOR DAMNED FOOLS LIKE ME.

I COUNT THE DAYS TILL I'LL GO HOME,
AND START A FAMILY OF MY OWN.
AND THEN WHEN I AM OLD AND GRAY,
AND JUST CAN'T DO IT ONCE A DAY

I'LL TELL MY SON WHO'S IN HIS PRIME,
AND WANTS TO DO IT ALL THE TIME.
IT ISN'T OLD AGE THAT DID THIS TO ME,
IT WAS JUST ONE TOUR WITH ONE NINE TWO.

THERE ARE NO FIGHTER PILOTS DOWN IN HELL

OH THERE ARE NO FIGHTER PILOTS DOWN IN HELL
THERE ARE NO FIGHTER PILOTS DOWN IN HELL
THE PLACE IS FULL OF QUEERS, NAVIGATORS, BOMBADIERS,
BUT THERE ARE NO FIGHTER PILOTS DOWN IN HELL

OH THERE ARE NO AIR FORCE PILOTS IN THE FRAY
THERE ARE NO AIR FORCE PILOTS IN THE FRAY
THEY'RE ALL IN USO'S, WEARING RIBBONS AND FANCY CLOTHES
AND THERE ARE NO AIR FORCE PILOTS IN THE FRAY

OH THERE ARE NO MARINE PILOTS IN THE SCRAP
THERE ARE NO NAVY PILOTS IN THE SCRAP
THEY'RE ALL IN BOQ'S READING BUREAU AERO NEWS
AND THERE ARE NO NAVY PILOTS IN THE SCRAP

THERE IS NO "FLYING CIRCUS" DOWN BELOW
OH THERE IS NO "FLYING CIRCUS" DOWN BELOW
THEY'RE ALL UP IN THE STARS MAKING LOVE TO WR'S
AND THERE IS NO "FLYING CIRCUS"DOWN BELOW

SIDNEY SPECIAL

MONDAY I TOUCHED HER ON THE ANKLE
TUESDAY I TOUCHED HER ON THE KNEE
AND WEDNESDAY WITH SUCCESS I LIFTED UP HER DRESS
AND THURSDAY HER CHEMISE GOR' BLIMEY
FRIDAY I PUT MY HAND UPON IT
SATURDAY SHE GAVE ME BALLS A TWEAK
AND IT WAS SUNDAY AFTER SUPPER I SLIPPED THE WHOLE THING UP HER
AND NOW I'M PAYIN' SEVEN BOB A WEEK, GOR' BLIMEY
I DON'T WANT TO BE A SOLDIER
I DON'T WANT TO GO TO WAR
I'D RATHER HANG AROUND PICCADILLY UNDERGROUND
LIVIN' OFF THE EARNIN'S OF A CLASS LADY
DON'T WANT A BULLET UP ME ARSE-HOLE
DON'T WANT ME BUTTOCKS SHOT AWAY
I WOULD RATHER BE IN ENGLAND
IN JOLLY, JOLLY ENGLAND
A-ROGERIN' ME BLOOMIN' LIFE AWAY, GOR' BLIMEY
CALL OUT THE ARMY AND THE NAVY
CALL OUT THE RANK AND THE FILE
CALL OUT THE BLOODY TERRITORIALS
THEY'LL FACE DANGER WITH A SMILE, GOR' BLIMEY
CALL OUT THE MEMBERS OF THE OLD BRIGADE
THEY'LL KEEP ENGLAND FREE
YOU CAN CALL UPON MY BROTHER
MY SISTER AND MY MOTHER
BUT FOR CHRIST'S SAKE DON'T CALL ME

EVERY EVENING AFTER DARK (HUMORESQUE)

EVERY EVENING AFTER DARK, I GOOSE THE STATUES IN THE PARK
IF SHERMAN'S HORSE CAN TAKE IT SO CAN YOU
PASSENGERS WILL PLEASE REFRAIN FROM FLUSHIN' TOILETS
WHILE THE TRAIN IS STANDING IN THE STATION, I LOVE YOU
STATION MASTER, HE'S QUITE FUSSY, SAYS IT MAKES THE STATION
MESSY

EARLY ABORT

MY NAME IS CDR PARKER AND I'M LEADER OF THE GROUP
IF YOU WILL STEP INTO MY DEN I'LL GIVE YOU ALL THE POOP
I'LL TELL YOU WHERE THE COMMIES ARE AND WHERE THE FLAK IS BLACK
I'LL BE THE FIRST ONE OFF THE DECK AND I'LL BE THE FIRST ONE BACK
CHORUS:
EARLY ABORT, AVOID THE RUSH EARLY ABORT AVOID THE RUSH
EARLY ABORT AVOID THE RUSH, OH THE RAGGEDY ASS GROUP IS ON PARADE

MY NAME IS ACE PARKER AND I LEAD 192
AND IF WE GO ON RAIL CUTS, MY BOYS WILL FOLLOW THROUGH
BUT IF YOU SAY KOWON, I'LL TELL YOU WHAT I WILL DO
GET IN YOUR PLANE AND GO AHEAD, AND I'LL WAIT HERE FOR YOU
CHORUS:

I'M SURE YOU'VE HEARD OF THE FLYING CURCUS, AND THE THINGS THEY DO
BUT IF YOU'LL COME DOWN TO THE LINE, YOU'LL SEE THEY'RE FAR FROM TRUE
THE PILOTS THEY ARE READY, BUT LET THEIR SKIPPER SHOUT
AND ALL THOSE BASTARDS YELL AT ONCE, MY MAGS THEY WON'T CHECK OUT. CHORUS:::

AND THEN I'M SURE YOU KNOW OF THE LEADERS IN THE STAFF
AT NIGHT TOPSIDE YOU CAN HEAR HOW WELL THEY LAUGH
WITH WORDS THEY FIGHT A HELL OF A WAR, THEY SAY THEY WANTA GO TOO
BUT JUST YOU GIVE THEM HALF A CHANCE AND HERE'S WHAT THEY WILL DO CHORUS:::

OH I FLY THE F4U THE VOUGHT PEOPLE SAY IT'S GREAT
BUT WHEN IT COMES TO FIGHTIN MIGS, THOSE BENT-WINGS JUST DON'T RATE
I WAS BORN TO BE A FIGHTER, TO GRAPPLE IN THE BLUE
BUT IF IT COMES TO FIGHTIN' MIGS, I'LL TELL YOU WHAT I WILL DO CHORUS:::

NOW WHEN THIS WAR IS OVER AND WE'RE BACK IN THE U.S.A.
WE'LL FLY THE PLANES IN ALL WAR GAMES AND DO WHAT THE ADMIRALS SAY
BUT IF WE HAVE ANOTHER WAR AND THEY GIVE US THE F4U
TO HELL WITH ALL THE ADMIRALS STAFFS, HERE'S WHAT WE'RE GONNA DO CHORUS:::

THE CHANDLER'S SHOP
(THE THING)

A MAN WENT INTO A CHANDLER'S SHOP SOME MATCHES FOR TO BUY
AND VERY SURPRISED WAS HE TO FIND NOBODY COULD HE SPY
THEN AS HE TURNED UPON HIS HEEL AND TOWARD THE DOOR HE SPED
HE HEARD THE SOUND OF A * * * RIGHT ABOVE HIS HEAD
HE HEARD THE SOUND OF A * * * RIGHT ABOVE HIS HEAD

NOW THIS YOUNG MAN WAS A BOLD YOUNG MAN SO UP THE STAIRS HE SPED
AND VERY SURPRISED WAS HE TO FIND THE CHANDLER'S WIFE IN BED
BESIDE HER LAY A HANDSOME MAN OF VERY CONSIDERABLE SIZE
THEY WERE HAVING A * * * RIGHT BEFORE HIS EYES
THEY WERE HAVING A * * * RIGHT BEFORE HIS EYES

NOW WHEN THE FUN WAS OVER AND DONE THE MAIDEN RAISED HER HEAD
AND VERY SURPRISED WAS SHE TO FIND THIS YOUNG MAN BY HER BED
OH IF YOU KEEP MY SECRET SIR IF YOU WILL BE SO KING
THEN YOU MAY DROP IN FOR A * * * WHENEVER YOU FEEL INCLINED
THEN YOU MAY DROP IN FOR A * * * WHENEVER YOU FEEL INCLINED

NOW MARRIED MEN TAKE MY ADVICE WHENEVER YOU'RE OUT OF TOWN
DON'T LET YOUR WIFE DO AS SHE LIKES BE SURE TO TIE HER DOWN
YOU NEVER CAN TELL WHAT THOUGHTS MAY BE IN BACK OF HER INNOCENT MIND
SHE MAY BE HAVING A * * * WHENEVER SHE FEELS INCLINED
SHE MAY BE HAVING A * * * WHENEVER SHE FEELS INCLINED

DOODLE LEE DO

DO IT TO ME WHAT YOU DID TO MARIE
LAST SATURDAY NIGHT, SATURDAY NIGHT
I KNOW IT WAS SWELL CAUSE I HEARD MARIE YELL
LAST SATURDAY NIGHT, SATURDAY NIGHT
IT'S THE EASIEST THING THERE ISN'T MUCH TO IT
ALL YOU GOT TO DO IS TO DOODLE LEE DO IT
DO IT TO ME WHAT YOU DID TO MARIE
ON THE SOFA LAST SATURDAY NIGHT

DO IT SOME MORE WHAT YOU DID TO LENORE
LAST SATURDAY NIGHT, SATURDAY NIGHT
FIRST YOU CARESSED HER THEN YOU UNDRESSED HER
SATURDAY NIGHT, LAST SATURDAY NIGHT
IT'S THE EASIEST THING THERE ISN'T MUCH TO IT
ALL YOU GOT TO DO IS TO DOODLE LEE DO IT
DO IT SOME MORE WHAT YOU DID TO LENORE
ON THE SOFA LAST SATURDAY NIGHT

SWEET SALLY JONES WENT OUT WITH A SHOW
CALLED DOODLE LEE DO, DOODLE LEE DO
SHE MADE A HIT BY DOING HER BIT
CALLED DOODLE LEE DO, DOODLE LEE DO
TWENTY A WEEK WAS ALL THERE WAS TO IT
ALL SHE HAD TO DO WAS TO DOODLE LEE DO IT
SHE BOUGHT A ROLLS-ROYCE BUT NOT WITH HER VOICE
SHE HAD TO DOODLE LEE DOODLE LEE DO

PUSAN "U"

WE WERE ROAMING 'ROUND THE COUNTRY SIDE T'WAS DOWN NEAR PUSAN BAY
WE STOPPED INTO A LOCAL BAR TO PASS THE TIME AWAY
I MET A GIRL WHO SAID HOW'D DO, SHE HAILED FROM OLD CHIN-JU
I ASKED HER WHAT HER SCHOOL WAS SHE SAID 'OL PUSAN U
CHORUS:
OH PUSAN U, O PUSAN U,
THE FINEST SCHOOL IN ALL THE LAND, THE UNIVERSITY THAT'S GRAND
OH PUSAN U, OH PUSAN U,
I HAIL MY ALMA MATER, TO YOU, OH PUSAN U

IN ENROLLED IN THAT GREAT COLLEGE, FOUNDED BY KIM PAC SU
'TWAS BUILT OF HONEY BUCKETS, SO THEY NAMED IT PUSAN U
THE SMELL IT WAS TERRIFIC BUT I STRUGGLED THROUGH
SO NOW I LIFT THIS GLASS TO THE SCHOOL OF PUSAN U
CHORUS:::

I SAW A GIRL MOST BEAUTHFUL, SHE WAS A SIGHT TO VIEW
SHE WON A BEAUTY CONTEST, AND WAS CROWNED MISS PUSAN U
THEY SPOTTED HER IN HOLLYWOOD, NOW SHE'S A STAR THERE TOO
WHEN ASKED TO WHAT SHE OWED HER FAME, SHE SAYS OH PUSAN U
CHORUS:::

O PUSAN U, OH PUSAN U, YOUR COURSE IS GOOD FOR ENGINEERS
"A" FRAMES, OX-CARTS PULLED BY STEERS
OH PUSAN U, OH PUSAN U
I HAIL MY ALMA MATER, TO YOU OH PUSAN U

THE B-36

(THE BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC)

THE B-36 IT FLIES AT 40,000 FEET
The B-36 IT FLIES AT 40,000 FEET
THE B-36 IT FLIES AT 40,000 FEET
BUT IT ONLY DROPS A TEENSEE, WEENSEY BOMB
TONS AND TONS OF AMMUNITION
TONS AND TONS OF AMMUNITION
BUT IT ONLY DROPS A TEENSEY WEENSEY BOMB

THE PB4-Y IT FLIES AT 3000 FEET
THE PB4-Y it FLIES AT 3000 FEET
THE PB4-Y IT FLIES AT 3000 FEET
BUT IT ONLY DROPS A TEENSEY, WEENSEY DEPTH CHARGE
TONS AND TONS OF AVIATION GASOLINE
TONS AND TONS OF AVIATION GASOLINE
TONS AND TONS OF AVIATION GASOLINE
BUT IT ONLY DROPS A TEENSEY, WEENSEY DEPTH CHARGE

COOL

I'M AS COOL AS THE TIP OF AN ESKIMO'S TOOL
I'M AS COOL AS A FISH IN A FROZEN POOL
COOL AS A PANE OF FROSTED GLASS
COOL AS THE BRINGE AROUND A POLAR BEAR'S ASS

SHANTY TOWN

IT'S ONLY A SHANTY IN MY OWN BACK YARD
WITH LITTLE HOLES AND BIG HOLES AND THE SEATS ARE SO HARD
THERE'S A CRESENT ON THE DOOR, SEARS-ROEBUCK ON THE FLOOR
COBWEBS ON THE CEILING BRING BACK MEMORIES OF YORE
AS I SIT THERE A THINKING, I FEEL LIKE A KING
IT'S MORE THAN A WHOSIS IT'S MY EVERYTHING
THOUGH IT'S LOUSY WITH FLIES, STILL IT'S MY PARADISE
THE SHANTY IN MY OWN BACK YARD

THERE'S A SHANTY IN THE TOWN ON A LITTLE PLOT OF GROUND
WITH THE GREEN GRASS GROWIN' ALL AROUND, ALL AROUND
AND THE ROOF'S SO BADLY WORN THAT IT TUMBLES TO THE GROUND
JUST A TUMBLE DOWN SHACK AND IT'S BUILT WAY BACK
ABOUT TWENTY-FIVE FEET FROM THE RAILROAD TRACK
LINGERS ON MY MIND MOST ALL O' THE TIME
KEEPS CALLIN ME BACK TO MY LITTLE GRASS SHACK

I'D BE JUST AS SASSY AS HAILE SALASSIE IF I WERE A KING
PUT MY BOOTS ON TAIL READ THE WRITIN' ON THE WALL
AND IT WOULDN'T MEAN A THING NOT A GOD DAMNED THING
THERE'S A QUEEN WAITIN' THERE IN A ROCKIN' CHAIR
JUST FLOWIN' HER TOP ON GAITOR'S BEER
I'M LOOKIN' ALL AROUND AND I'M TRUCKIN ON DOWN
'CAUSE I GOTTA GET BACK TO MY SHANTY TOWN

CIGARETTES, WHISKEY AND WILD WILD WOMEN

ONCE I WAS HAPPY AND HAD A GOOD LIFE
HAD ENOUGH MONEY TO LAST ME FOR LIFE
I MET WITH A GAL AND WE WENT ON A SPREE
SHE TAUGHT ME TO SMOKE AND TO DRINK WHISKEY
CHORUS:::
CIGARETTES AND WHISKEY AND WILD, WILD WOMEN
THEY'LL DRIVE YOU CRAZY, THEY'LL DRIVE YOU INSANE
CIGARETTES AND WHISKEY AND WILD WILD WOMEN

CIGARETTES IS A BLOT ON THE WHOLE HUMAN RACE
A MAN IS A MONKEY WITH ONE IN HIS FACE
HERE'S MY DEFINITION BELIEVE ME DEAR BROTHER
A FIRE ON ONE END AND A FOOL ON THE OTHER
CHORUS:::

BROTHER REPENT OR THEY'LL WRITE ON YOUR GRAVE
TO WOMEN AND WHISKEY HERE LIES A POOR SLAVE
TAKE WARNIN' DEAR STRANGER TAKE WARNIN' DEAR FRIEND
THEY'LL WRITE IN BIG LETTERS THESE WORDS AT THE END.
CHORUS:::

MOSHI-MOSHI

MOSHI-MOSHI AN-O-NE, AN-O-NE, AN-O-NE
MOSHI-MOSHI AN-o-NE, AH SO DESU-KA

SUKOSHI POM-POM, TAKUSAN YEN, TAKUSAN YEN, TAKUSAN YEN
SUKOSHI POM-POM, TAKUSAN YEN, BULL SHIT V.D.

FRANKIE AND JOHNNIE

FRANKIE AND JOHNNIE WERE LOVERS, OH LORDY HOW THEY COULD LOVE
SWORE TO BE TRUE TO EACH OTHER JUST AS TRUE AS THE STARS ABOVE
HE WAS HER MAN, BUT HE DONE HER WRONG

FRANKIE WENT DOWN TO THE BAROOM TO BUY HER A BUCKET OF BEER
SAID TO THE OLD BARTENDER HAS THAT MAN OF MINE BEEN HERE
HE WAS MY MAN BUT HE'S DOING ME WRONG

AIN'T GONNA TELL YOU NO STORY, AIN'T GONNA TELL YOU NO LIE
JOHNNIE WAS IN ABOUT AN HOUR AGO WITH A GAL NAMED NELLIE BLIGH
HE WAS YOUR MAN BUT HE'S DOIN YOU WRONG

FRANKIE, SHE WENT TO HER BEDROOM, SHE DIDN'T GO BACK THERE FOR FUN
SHE REACHED UNDER HER PILLOW, GOT OUT HER OLD 44 GUN
SHE'S HUNTIN' HER MAN, 'CAUSE HE'S GOING HER WRONG

FRANKIE WENT DOWN TO THE CATHOUSE, RANG THE OLD FRONT DOOR BELL
SAID, COME OUT OF THERE ALL YOU CHIPPIES, OR I'LL BLOW YOU ALL TO HELL
I WANT MY MAN, HE'S A DOIN' ME WRONG

FRANKIE LOOKED OVER THE TRANSOM, AND THERE TO HER GREAT SURPRISE
LYING IN BED WAS JOHNNIE A'LOVIN NELLIE BLIGH
HE WAS HER MAN, BUT HE'S DOIN' HER WRONG

FRANKIE PULLED BACK HER KIMONA, PULLED OUT HER OLD 44
ROOTY TOOT TOOT THAT GAL DID SHOOT RIGHT THROUGH THAT HARDWOOD DOOR
SHE SHOT HER MAN, 'CAUSE HE WAS DOIN' HER WRONG

ROLL ME OVER EASY, ROLL ME OVER SLOW
ROLL ME OVER ON MY LEFT SIDE, 'CAUSE MY RIGHT SIDE HURTS ME SO
I WAS HER MAN, BUT I DONE HER WRONG

ROLL OUT YOUR RUBBER TIRE CARRIAGE, ROLL OUT YOUR RUBBER TIRE CARRIAGE
TAKIN' MY MAN TO THE GRAVE YARD AND I, AIN'T A GOIN' TO BRING HIM
HE WAS MY MAN BUT HE DONE ME WRONG

THEY TOOK FRANKIE DOWN TO THE JAILHOUSE, LOCKED HER BEHIND A BIG IRON DOOR
SHE SAID THAT MAN OF MINE WAS CHEATIN' ON ME BUT HE AIN'T GONNA DO
IT NO MORE
HE WAS MY MAN BUT HE DONE ME WRONG

GOPHER SONG

WE ARE THE GOPHER BOYS, WE ALWAYS GOPHER GIRLS
THEY NEVER GOTHER US, WE HAVE TO GO FOR THEM

NO FLAPS AT ALL

COME LISTEN MY CHILDREN
COME LISTEN TO ME
I'LL TELL YOU A STORY-T'WILL FILL YOU WITH GLEE
IT TELLS OF A PILOT
SO HANDSOME AND TALL
WHO TRIED TO TAKE OFF WITH NO FLAPS AT ALL
CHORUS:
NO FLAPS AT ALL, NO FLAPS AT ALL
WIDE OPEN THROTTLE, BUT NO FLAPS AT ALL

HE WENT TO HIS "U" BIRD TO LOOK AT HIS LOAD
TWO NAPALM WITH WING BOMBS, 'BOUT ALL IT WOULD HOLD
HE SAID TO HIMSELF "I'VE GOT LOT ON THE BALL."
"I'M SURE I CAN TAKE OFF WITH NO FLAPS AT ALL
CHORUS:

HE MOVED HIS PLANE OUT TO THE END OF THE STRIP
4000 FOOT RUNWAY WITH NEVER A DIP
HE CHECKED WITH THE TOWER AND HEARD THE VOICE DRAWL
NO WIND, YOU CAN'T TAKE OFF WITH NO FLAPS AT ALL
CHORUS:

OUR HERO WAS COCKY, HIS EGO WAS HURT
FOR WHAT WAS THE WORD OF AN IGNORANT SQUIRT
"HE'S PROBABLY A SEAMAN, KNOWS NOTHING AT ALL
I KNOW I CAN TAKE OFF WITH NO FLAPS AT ALL."
CHORUS:

HE POURED ON THE THROTTLE AND LINES UP WITH CARE
GAVE THE FLAP HANDLE AN ARROGANT GLARE
THEN ON THE RADIO WE HEARD HIM CALL
HOW TO DO SCRAMBLING WITH NO FLAPS AT ALL
CHORUS:
AT THE END OF THE RUNWAY WITH NO SPEED TO SPARE
HE PULLED BACK THE STICK, STAGGERED INTO THE AIR
ABOUT 50 FEET UP HE WENT INTO A STALL
AND WHEN HE HIT THE DECK HE HAD NO FLAPS AT ALL
(CHORUS)

THE PILOT WAS HANDSOME, BUT NOW HE IS DEAD
IT MUST HAVE BEEN STUFFY WHERE HE HAD HIS HEAD
BUT HE SHOULD BE HAPPY THAT HIS TIME HAD COME
HE MIGHT HAVE BEEN SENT TO ONE NINE THREE.

CORSAIRS IN THE SKY

1. The Bureau looked around and saw VF-193
   They've lots of spunk to fly a junk and prove economy
   They took our toys, our pride and joys and gave us third-repair.
   We wondered what this thing was, the handbook said Corsair.

CHORUS:

Yippee yi yay, yippee yi yo,
Corsairs in the sky.

2. They're old, they're slow, though they still go
   They've lost their sex appeal.
   To fly a jet is quite a sweat unless you know a wheel
   The AD's fine just too devine and yet we still must fly,
   Corsairs in the Sky.

3. The paint is worn, the fabric's torn,
   the wings bent out of shape.
   The mags won't check - - but what the heck,
   she'll fly for one more scrape.
   The belly-tank is leaking, but we don't give a damn
   We'll patch it up as good as new----
   with a Pabst Blue Ribbon can.

4. The Air Force sez their Shooting Star's
   the work horse of the war.
   Now, we don't like to argue but
   we think they've gone too far,
   Compared to our old Corsair
   yes, every nut and bolt
   Their shiny-new F-80
   Is just a tiny colt.

5. Now you may think from what we've said
   that we don't like our plane
   To keep the darn thing flying
   gives us many ackes and pains.
   Though built for ancient warfare
   and many call it junk
   Give someone else your pity,
   We love this tired, old

MOCKING BIRD HILL

EARLY IN THE MORNING BEFORE ITS DAYLIGHT
WE CLIMB IN OUR CORSAIRS TO GO NORTH AND FIGHT
THE ADMIRAL WHO SENT US IS BACK IN THE RACK
AND WON'T GIVE A DAMN IF WE NEVER GET BACK

(CHORUS)
PUCKER UP, PUSH IT OVER, AND SALVO YOUR LOAD
FIRE-WALL THAT OLE "U" BIRD AND HIT FOR THE ROAD
THE COMMIES ARE FIRING, THE FLAK IS RIGHT BLACK
BUT WE'RE ALL DETERMINED WE'RE GONNA GET BACK.

WE TURN TO THE LEFT, AND WE TURN TO THE RIGHT
OUR ONLY HOPE BEING THEY CAN'T TRACK OUR FLIGHT
NOW HEAD FOR THE OCEAN AND HEAD FOR TT FAST
FOR RIGHT OFF OUR LEFT WING WE SEE A BIG BLAST.

NOW WE'RE OVER THE OCEAN BUT SKOCHE ON THE GAS
YOU MAY NOT GET BACK TO YOUR NIPPONESE LASS
SO LEAN BACK YOUR MIXTURE AND SET YOUR TURNS LOW
WE'LL ALL HAVE A PARTY AT THE GRAND KYOTO.

NOW WE'RE OFF TO THE ISLAND OF SAKI AND PEARLS
SO LET'S DRINK A TOAST TO THOSE ALMOND-EYED GIRLS
RAISE UP YOUR GLASSES, LET'S DRINK EIGHT OR TEN
WE'VE BEEN HERE BEFORE AND WE'LL BE HERE AGAIN.

NOW IT'S BACK TO KOREA TO OLE K-18
TO GET OUR FRAG ORDERS FROM JIG OBOE KING
THE RAILCUTS ARE HAIRY, THE CLOSE AIR WE PINE
WE'LL KEEP UP THAT RAIN DANCE TILL WE HEAR BRANDY-
WINE.

FIRST ANNIVERSARY

WHEN I WAS YOUNG AND IN MY PRIME
AND USED TO DO IT ALL THE TIME,
MY FATHER CAME AND SAID TO ME,
SON, DON'T EVER GO TO SEA.

BUT BEING YOUNG I DIDN'T STOP
AND TRY TO UNDERSTAND MY POP.
INSTEAD OF BEING SAFE AND SANE
I THOUGHT I'D LEARN TO FLY A PLANE

SO WITH THAT CLAN BOTH YOUNG AND B-O-L-D
I EARNED MY NAVY WINGS OF GOLD.
WHEN I CAME HOME FROM WORLD WAR TWO
I WASN'T SURE JUST WHAT TO DO.

BUT DOWN IN ALAMEDA THEY HAD A PLAN
THAT SOUNDED GOOD TO ANY MAN.
WE'D FLY A LITTLE AND TALK A LOT
AND SIT AROUND THE COFFEE POT.

WE'D SPEAK OF THINGS LIKE PLANES AND DAMES
AND PLAY SOME ACEY DUECY GAMES.
AT HOMES WE'D TELL OF THINGS WE'D LEARNED
AND EXTRA MONEY WE HAD EARNED.

THE PLAN WAS GOOD, TO GOOD TO MATCH
WE SHOULD HAVE KNOWN THERE'D BE A CATCH.
THE TRAP WAS SET, WE TOOK THE BAIT,
WE ALL FOUND OUT, BUT JUST TOO LATE.

WE'D SIGNED OUR NAMES, THE NAVY HAD US,
WE'RE ALL RESERVES ON ACTIVE STATUS
AND AS I SIT HERE FAR AT SEA
AND LOOK AT POOR DAMNED FOOLS LIKE ME

I COUNT THE DAYS TILL I'LL GO HOME,
AND START A FAMILY OF MY OWN.
AND THEN WHEN I AM OLD AND GRAY,
AND JUST CAN'T DO IT ONCE A DAY

I'LL TELL MY SON WHO'S IN HIS PRIME,
AND WANTS TO DO IT ALL THE TIME:
IT ISN'T OLD AGE THAT DID THIS TO ME,
IT WAS JUST ONE TOUR WITH ONE NINE THREE.

ATTACK SQUADRON ONE NINETY FIVE

SONG SHEET

I WANTED WINGS

I wanted wings 'till I got those G.D. damn things,
Now I don't want 'em any more!
They taught me how to fly, then they brought me here to die
I've had a belly full of war!
I would rather take perdition than to fly another mission;
Distinguished flying crosses never compensate for losses--
Buddy I wanted wings 'till I got those ____ damn things,
Now I don't want 'em any more.

I'm too young to die; Why'd I ever learn to fly?
That's for the eager not for me
I don't trust my luck to be picked up by a duck,
After I've crashed into the sea.
I would rather be a bellhop than a flier on a flattop
With my hand around a bottle, not a ____ damn throttle
Buddy I wanted wings 'till I got those ____ damn things,
Now I don't want 'em anymore.

I'll take the dames while the rest go down in flames
I have no desire to be burned.
Air combat's called romance, but it made me fill my pants.
I am not a fighter--I have learned.
You can have those Mig fifteens and napalm all those North Koreans:
I would rather make a Dog than get buggered in a Hog,
Buddy I wanted wings 'till I got those ____ damn things,
Now I don't want 'em anymore

It was colder than a whore at the Chosin Reservoin.
I'll take the good old U.S.A.
Close Air support is sport, but I'd rather stay in port;
I can think of better games to play.
I don't want to loose my jockstrap flying through a Commie Flak-trap
Let the Air Force give them cover--I'm no fighter; I'm a lover
Buddy I wanted wings 'till I got those _____ damn things
Now I don't want 'em anymore.

"ODE TO A HOSE NOSE PILOT"
OR
"THE NAVAL AIR SENSATIONS"

OUT OF THE SACK, FOUR O'CLOCK
INTO THE WARDROOM, HALF COOKED SLOP

UP THE LADDER, READY ROOM
HOPS DELAYED, WAIT TILL NOON

NOW A BRIEF FROM GOOD OLD CHUCH
ALL THE WORD EXCEPT HOW TO DUCK

THINGS TAKING SHAPE IN ONE NINE TWO
A FEW MORE WORDS, A NERVOUS PEE

G SUIT, MAP CASE, SURVIVAL VEST
E SUIT, BOOTS AND OLD MAE WEST

SQUAK BOX SHRIEKS, MAN PLANES SAYS AL
CAN'T USE ELEVATOR, THANKS A LOT PAL

ON THE FLIGHT DECK, FOG AND RAIN
INTO THE HOSE NOSE WITH THE AID OF A CRANE

ADMIRAL ON DECK, CAN'T SEE THE BOW
LAUNCHEM BOYS, LAUNCHEM NOW

A POP A GROAN A SPIT A SPUTTER
LEAVE THE BOW, GIVE 'ER RIGHT RUDDER

FLIGHT LEADER CHIDES, BURNS YOUR EARS
YOU'VE FLOWN CORSAIRS TEN FRIGGIN' YEARS

CIRCLE TARGET ENEMY MANS GUNS
THEN MAKE TWENTY-FIVE FRIGGIN' RUNS

BACK TO THE PRINCETON, WORK ALL DONE
NOT A BAD JOB WITH ONLY ONE GUN

A HIGH A LOW, NOT TOO SMOOTH
A FAST A SLOW, LONG IN THE GROOVE

BACK ABOARD, HALF A WRECK
ASS IS ACHING, CRICK IN NECK

WING SHOT OFF, TAIL IS MISSING
PANTS ARE WET, JUST FINISHED PISSING

TO THE AIR MOAN AND SLOBBER
TO THE TARGET ALWAYS CLOBBER

GIVE THE MAN THE KILLS YOU'VE GOTTEN
FIFTEEN CUTS :: NEBBA HAPPEN

OUT OF THE GEAR, INTO THE SACK
TAXI PILOT, SHOVE IT JACK

3 THEN YOU SLEEP, DREAMS ARE WET
CORSAIR HOSED BY A FRIGGIN' JET.